MARVEL COMICS

EXILES

MARVEL PG 5

Northern Canada.

Miles and miles from any souls who don't travel on *four legs.*

Until *now.*

They are the EXILES

BLEEENK

T-Bird.

THAT WAS ONE OF THE *SMOOTHEST* PLANET HOPS YET! VERY LOW *NAUSEA* QUOTIENT. I MIGHT ONLY *GAG* AS OPPOSED TO DOING THE FULL *TECHNI-COLOR YAWN.*

Blink.

WHERE ARE WE, BLINK? WHAT DOES THE *TALLUS* SAY?

IT'S NOT SAYING ANYTHING, CALVIN. BUT IT'S DEFINITELY NOT THE TROPICS. I'M *COLD.*

Morph.

Sunfire.

Mimic.

HOW 'BOUT IT, OUR LI'L CONVECTION OVEN?

I'M ON IT.

Y'GOTTA LOVE COOKIE, HERE... CUTE, CAPABLE AND *HALF-NAKED.*

SHUSH, MORPH. C'MON, YOU, ME AND SUNFIRE WILL DO SOME *RECON.* WE'LL FAN OUT IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS AND THEN HEAD BACK.

I'LL GO, TOO, CLARICE. WE CAN COVER MORE GROUND IF THE FOUR OF... aw, hell...

...right. I don't have my *wings* anymore.

MAYBE YOU COULD MIMIC *MY* POWERS, CAL. OR EVEN SUNFIRE'S.

NO. MIMICKING A POWER AND ACTUALLY HAVING THE *SKILLS* TO PROPERLY UTILIZE THEM ARE *TWO DIFFERENT THINGS.* FLAME AND TELEPORTATION AREN'T PLACES TO PLAY TOURIST.

SUGGESTIONS

WELL, YOU LOST YOUR FLAPPERS WHEN YOU SPONGED OFF *PHOENIX,* RIGHT? CAN'T YOU JUST *GET THEM BACK?* OR HOW 'BOUT *KEEPING* THE PHOENIX POWER?

WITH *THAT* KINDA JUICE, WE'LL BE PLANET-HOPPING FASTER THAN *JAMES KIRK* LOOKING FOR HIS *CAR KEYS!* OR A GREEN CHICK IN A *METAL BIKINI!* OR A GREEN CHICK IN A METAL BIKINI WHO'S GOT *KIRK'S CAR KEYS!*

ONE MORE TIME, MORPH-- I CAN ONLY MAINTAIN *FIVE* POWERS AT ONCE.

I HAVE *HALF* THE STRENGTH OF THE ORIGINAL BEARER OF THAT ABILITY.

AND I NEED ABOUT AN *HOUR* OF CLOSE CONTACT TO MIMIC IT FOR THE LONG TERM.

I GAVE UP ANGEL'S WINGS TO *GAIN* THE POWER OF PHOENIX FOR THE BATTLE.

HE *TOLD* US ABOUT THIS ALREADY. I KNOW YOU'VE GOT A *LIMITED* ATTENTION SPAN, BUT REALLY-- GIVE HIM A *BREAK.*

GIVE *WHO* A BREAK, MARIKO?

HOW LONG DID YOU HAVE YOUR WINGS, CAL?

FIVE YEARS, TJ... I FIRST... um, I...

WHOA, CAL--!

UUP!

HRAAACK!

Oh, gross--!

OH, I *GET* IT! IT'S NOT JUST *ME*--WE *ALL* GET A CHANCE TO TOSS OUR COOKIES WHEN WE JUMP REALITIES! IT'S LIKE A ROUND ROBIN TOURNEY OF *VOMIT!*

NOT NOW, MORPH.

YOU *KIDDING* ME? WE'VE GOT TO PREPARE FOR *THUNDERBIRD'S* TURN! HEAD FOR HIGH GROUND, GRAB THE SAND BAGS, A FLOOD ALERT-- THE *WORKS!*

YOU GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, CALVIN? DOES THIS HAPPEN WHEN YOU LOSE A *POWER* OR SOMETHING?

No... I haven't thrown up since I was *ten*... I... uh...

HUUUAACK!

Brother... well, if it was something you *ate*, at least it's *out* now.

I BET HE WAS HITTING THE SAUCE! I CAN SMELL DRUNKEN RETCHING A MILE AWAY AND WE, MY FRIENDS, ARE NOT A MILE AWAY.
DID ANYONE ELSE FEEL THAT?

IT'S ALWAYS THOSE HE-MAN COLLEGIATE FRAT-BOY TYPES WHO CAN'T HOLD THEIR OIL.
NOW, ME-- I'M A CAT WHO CAN PUT 'EM BACK AND THEY STAY BACK.
FEEL WHAT, JOHN?

MIND YOU, I DO HAVE A HYPER-ACCELERATED METABOLISM AND ALCOHOL DOESN'T RIP ME A NEW ONE LIKE SOME OTHER PEOPLE... BUT EVEN STILL, THIS COWBOY KNOWS WHEN TO STEP OUT OF THE BATTER'S BOX.
NOT THAT COWBOYS PLAY BASEBALL, BUT YOU GET MY MEANING.
HEY-- YOU MEAN THAT VIBRATION? I FELT-- WHOA-- THERE WAS ANOTHER.
THEY'RE GETTING CLOSER...

NOW I HEAR WHISTLING. Y'HEAR THAT?
SOUNDS LIKE AN AIRPLANE OR MAYBE A JET.
NOW, I REMEMBER THIS ONE TIME WHEN I WAS OUT WITH CANNONBALL, MIRAGE, AND WARLOCK. GUTHRIE IS A MAN WHO LIKES HIS BREW. MIRAGE IS MORE OF A HARD LIQUOR GIRL, BELIEVE IT OR NOT...
...WARLOCK JUST DRINKS GASOLINE. WHEN HE'S IN DISGUISE, IT'S A GREAT WAY TO WIN BAR BETS. BUT IF--

SIX STRANGERS, EACH AN X-MAN FROM A DIFFERENT REALITY, BROUGHT TOGETHER TO INSURE THAT LIFE AS WE KNOW IT DOESN'T CEASE TO EXIST! BLINK — TELEPORTER; MIMIC — POWERED BY HIS REALITY'S X-MEN; SUNFIRE — MISTRESS OF FLAME; T-BIRD — SUPER-STRENGTH AND SENSES; NOCTURNE — DAUGHTER OF NIGHTCRAWLER; AND MORPH — SHAPE-CHANGING FUNNY MAN. DESTINED TO FIX THE KINKS IN THE CHAINS OF REALITY, STAN LEE PRESENTS THE EXILES IN

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HULK!! IT'S THE @#%#&* HULK!! EVERYBODY RUN!!! RUUUUN!

BLINK, WE SHOULD TAKE THIS *EASY.* YOU CAN NEVER TELL WITH HIM. HE *MIGHT* NOT BE LOOKING FOR A FIGHT.

RIGHT.

LET'S JUST *BACK OFF* HIM...

RIGHT.

TJ...?

YEAH?

WHO IS THIS?

OH, FOR *PETE'S SAKE*... WE GOTTA GET YOU A *STUDY GUIDE* TO BEING A HERO OUTSIDE OF THAT BACKWARD *HELLHOLE* YOU COME FROM...

"...THIS IS ***THE HULK,*** BABY. THEY DON'T *COME* ANY *BIGGER.*"

MAYBE I SHOULD JUST *TELEPORT* HIM A FEW MILES AWAY--

DON'T. IT'LL ONLY PISS HIM OFF.

B-GOK!

SNAP!

HULK SMASH!!!

OKAY-- *NOW* WE GO!

BWAAMF

HOAAAR

I CAN'T HIT HIM *TOO* HARD OR I MIGHT SET THE WHOLE *FOREST* ABLAZE!

BUT IF I *DAZE* HIM--

FIRE! HULK *HATE* FIRE LADY!! *HATE FIRE!!*

BRAAMF!

AAAARGH!!

NO FIRE!! NO MORE FIRE!!

UGH!

YOU HIT A *GIRL*, YOU INSENSITIVE BUCKET OF CRAP!

I DON'T *CARE* HOW BIG AND STUPID AND FEROCIOUS AND INFUSED WITH DEADLY RADIATION YOU ARE, *WE DON'T HIT CHICKS!*

AAARGH!!

OW! OOWW! EASY! EASY!

OKAY-- EXCEPTION MADE-- YOU CAN HIT LADIES-- JUST *BIGGER* ONES!

OOWW!

RUBBER THING WILL STOP TALKING!!

AIM FOR THE WATER! THE WAAA

PURPLE GIRL TRY TO HURT HULK!

HULK HURT PURPLE GIRL!!!

KOT!

SORRY.

I WAS JUST GONNA *STAY OUT* OF THIS AND KEEP THROWING UP... BUT I'VE GROWN KIND OF *FOND* OF THE PURPLE GIRL.

YOU WOULD, TOO *UUP* GIVEN THE CHANCE...

WHEN WILL PUNY HUMANS LEAVE HULK ALONE?!

I WAS *WONDERING* WHEN YOU WERE GO NG TO SHOUT THAT OL' CHESTNUT.

IT'S MUCH *CREEPIER* IN PERSON, I MUST SAY

SLAM

BUT IF YOU'RE THROUGH BEATING UP ON THE WOMEN AND CHANGELINGS-- I'D LIKE *MY* TURN.

CRAACK!

OW

OH BOY

LEAVE HULK ALONE.

LEAVE HULK ALONE.

LEAVE HULK ALONE

JOHN?

YES?

YOU OKAY?

GREAT.

YOU SURE?

WELL, BESIDES GETTING PUNCHED OUT BY THE HULK?

PERCHY.

YOU *SURE?*

I AM SEEING *FOUR* OF YOU

I'M HERE WITH BLINK.

OKAY. JUST SEEING *DOUBLE.* HELP ME UP

SO, BLINKSTER, DOES OUR *MAGIC DECODER RING* SAY ANYTHING ABOUT GETTING OUR BUTTS *HANDED TO US* BY THE NOT SO-JOLLY GREEN BEHEMOTH?

NO... NOT A *PEEP* FROM THE TALLUS ON THAT OR WHAT WE'RE DOING HERE.

TOO BAD, 'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT *I* WAS WONDERING, AS WELL...

...YOU KIDS ARE ON ALPHA FLIGHT TURF.

AND I ALWAYS APPRECIATE A *COURTESY PHONE CALL* FROM VISITING SUPER TEAMS.

P

WOW. YET *ANOTHER* WOLVERINE. YOU'RE NOT GONNA TRY AND FEED *THIS ONE* HIS LUNCH, TOO, ARE YA?

NOT TODAY.

SO? WHO ARE YA?

Um, WE'RE THE *EXILES.*

WE'RE FROM ALTERNATE REAL TIES AND WE'RE HERE TO HELP.

YOU'RE *WHAT,* GIRL?

SMART

HELLO..

HELLO.

...WHO ARE YOU?

I THINK YOU KNOW... I AM *SHAMAN...* BUT MY GIVEN NAME IS...

...JOHN PROUDSTAR.

WE'RE TOO CLOSE AND OUT NUMBERED.

WE'RE UPWIND. THEY WON'T KNOW WE'RE HERE.

SO WHAT'S OUR MOVE?

NOTHING... CAN'T EVEN TELL WHO THESE NEW YAHOOS ARE

WE'VE LOST HIM FOR NOW... 'SIDES...

...I THINK WE'RE GONNA GET EVEN *MORE* THAN WE ORIG NALLY BARGAINED FOR.

I *JOINED* THE X-MEN? I JUST CAN'T SEE THAT HAPPENING... I GOT MY PEOPLE *HERE*... ALWAYS HAVE. I SPENT TIME IN JAPAN BUT... THE X-MEN? AND YOU SAY THAT I'M ACTUALLY *RUNNING* THAT SHOW NOW?

WELL, IN *MY* WORLD, YEAH, YOU AND MY FATHER PRETTY MUCH RUN THE SCHOOL.

SCHOOL. WELL, I GUESS THAT'S NOT *TOO FAR OFF* FROM WHAT WE DO HERE. FOUR LEVELS OF *FLIGHT* AND TWO MORE IN THE WORKS... WE TRA N *A LOT* OF PEOPLE

HE'S GOT *RADIATION POISONING*, LOGAN FROM WHAT I'M GATHERING, HIS MUTANT AB LITY IS WORKING *AGAINST* HIM.

WHEN OUR MR. MIMIC HERE GETS IN CLOSE PROXIMITY TO THE HULK HE BECOMES INFUSED WITH THE *GAMMA RAYS* THAT CREATED THE BIG LUG.

JUST *"MIMIC"* IS FINE, DOCTOR HUDSON. OR *CALVIN*, EVEN.

AND *HEATHER* IS F NE, CALV N.

SHE'LL GET YA PATCHED UP, BUB. OUR HEATHER IS THE *BRAINS* BEHIND THIS WHOLE SHINDIG.

SNAT

I THINK *JAMES* WOULD HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT... BUT CALVIN IS AS RIGHT AS RAIN. IT SEEMS THAT HE MIMICKED YOUR ABILITIES, LOGAN, WHAT-- *FIVE YEARS AGO?*

JUST ABOUT.

THE *HELL* YOU SAY--?!

WOULD YOU JUST-- *HEY!* WHAT ARE THEY *MADE* OF? *BONE?* BUT HOW CAN THAT... HOW...

I GUESS YOU NEVER HAD THAT RUN-IN WITH *MAGNETO*... HAVE I GOT A STORY FOR *YOU*, FRIEND.

OH, MORPH, IT'S *PERFECT!* A FABRIC COMPRISED OF *UNSTABLE MOLECULES* THAT CAN ADAPT TO MY *FIRE!*

I LIKED THE ONE YOU WERE WEARING *BEFORE.*

IT WAS A *MESS!* AND I WAS, Y'KNOW, PRACTICALLY *FALLING OUT* OF IT

PRACTICALLY *NOTHING*, HOT BUNS! YOU *WERE* OUT ALL OVER THE PLACE, LIKE *COURTNEY LOVE* AT AN AWARDS SHOW! I MUST SAY, THOUGH, YOU'VE GOT SOME GREAT GROCERIES FALLING OUT OF THE BAG-- *IF* YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN

NO, I *DON'T.* STOP BEING SO SUBTLE

I'M SAYING YOU HAVE *NICE--*

MORPH!

WHAT? I'M STATING FOR CLARITY'S SAKE, MARIKO, *YOU* SAID--

SHUT!

UP!

...AND AFTER WE DEFEATED THE *WENDIGO* WITH THE HELP OF ALPHA FLIGHT, IT WAS THEN THAT MICHAEL TWOYOUNGMEN, THE *SHAMAN* AT THE TIME, COUNSELED ME...

He sees him here... this *mirror* of a former self

HE SAID HE SAW IN ME... MY *RAGE*... MY CONFUSION... MY *IMPASSE*.

BUT HE ALSO SAW MY *HIDDEN ABILITIES*. THAT I, TOO, WAS *IN TUNE* WITH NATURE AND THE MYSTICAL POWERS THAT INHABIT IT.

So... at ease.

Centered

Balanced

Complete

And he can't help but *hate* him for it.

THAT NEVER HAPPENED FOR ME.

I SUPPOSE IT NEVER WILL.

SO I LEFT THE X-MEN AND BECAME HIS *STUDENT*. AND AFTER MICHAEL RETIRED, *I* TOOK UP THE MANTLE OF SHAMAN.

WHY? BECAUSE YOU'RE A "MONSTER"?

WE'RE THE *SAME PERSON*, JOHN. I *KNOW* WHAT YOU'VE THOUGHT *ALL YOUR LIFE*. WE COME FROM A PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN SLAUGHTERED, RAPED, DISCARDED AND FORGOTTEN.

THEN YOU DISCOVER THAT YOU HAVE POWERS TO *FIGHT* BEING SUBJUGATED TO THIS UNSPOKEN PRISON. TO *HELP* YOUR RACE.

BUT YOU FEEL *FALSE*. UNWORTHY TO BE A CHAMPION. AND UNNATURAL--

--*A MUTANT*.

OUR FATHER WAS A MISERABLE, SELF-LOATHING *MONSTER* WHO WAS BEAT DOWN BY LIFE FOR *SO LONG* THAT ALL HE HAD LEFT WAS TO TAKE IT OUT ON HIS *SONS*.

YOU TOOK HIS TALK TO HEART.

I KNOW *I* DID.

YOU FELT LIKE A MONSTER *LONG* BEFORE APOCALYPSE DID THIS TO YOU... IT'S JUST TAKEN YOU *FURTHER* OFF YOUR PATH.

WHAT *IS* MY PATH?

THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN.

BUT YOU ARE *JOHN PROUDSTAR*...

...AND YOU ARE A *HERO*.

WE AMONG THE HIGHER-UPS HAVE D SCUSSED THIS AT *LENGTH*... WE EVEN CONSULTED A FEW OF YOU ON THE INTERMEDIARY COMMAND LEVEL...

AND SO WE'VE AGREED TO *ACCEPT* THE ASSISTANCE AND INVOLVEMENT OF OUR VISITING *EXILES*. ACKNOWLEDGING THEY ACCEPT OUR *COMMAND*, WE'RE HAPPY FOR THE HELP...

...'CAUSE WE HAVE *QUITE* AN UNDERTAKING AHEAD OF US.

Three months ago The Hulk appeared in Canada. *Toronto*, actually

In a battle with a creature called the VOXON, the two brutes wrecked *six city blocks*.

Three deaths and about fifty injuries in the devastation.

They got *lucky*.

The skirmishes would follow over the intervening months, as well as the *damage* that came along with it

It didn't look like The Hulk was leaving the country

And so it became *Canada's* problem.

And Canada's problems are *Alpha Flight's* problems.

They mean to *capture* The Hulk.

That's when the Talius gets *talkative*.

IS THAT WHAT IT SAID? *EXACTLY?*

PRETTY MUCH.

ALL OF THE PROJECT GOLIATH TEAM *DIE.* A FEW GO MISSING AND ARE NEVER FOUND.

IT DOESN'T SAY HOW... WHEN... *NADA.* NOT A LOT TO GO ON.

NO... BUT IT'S CLEAR WHY WE'RE HERE...

YEP-- TO MAKE SURE A *WHOLE PILE* OF CANADIAN SUPER HEROES DON'T *GET DEAD.*

OH YEAH, AND ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET BETWEEN THE *HULK* AND THEM TO DO IT.

PIECE O' CAKE.

I DON'T KNOW, CLARICE... WE SHOULD WATCH IT. THE HULK MAY BE A *LOT* OF THINGS, BUT HE'S NOT A *KILLER.* UNDERNEATH IS *BRUCE BANNER...*

...WHERE I COME FROM HE'S BECOME A *SINGLE ENTITY* WITH HIS ALTER EGO AND IS A *GREAT MAN.* A GREAT *PROTECTOR.*

CAL... WE *AREN'T* IN YOUR WORLD... *THIS* HULK HAS BEEN SCORCHING THE EARTH FOR THE BETTER PART OF SIX MONTHS, AND NO ONE'S SEEN DR. BANNER FOR OVER A *YEAR.*

I KNOW, I WAS AT THE BRIEFING, TOO. I JUST... I JUST HAVE A *HARD TIME* WITH THIS.

THAT'S WHY I PUT *YOUR* TOUGH-AS-NAILS TAKE-NO-PRISONERS CALLUSED BUTT IN *CHARGE.*

ONE-- "*PUT ME IN CHARGE*"? I *ASSUMED* COMMAND OF THIS AIMLESS GROUP.

AND *TWO--* "*CALLUSED BUTT*"? AM I TO ASSUME, THEN, THAT YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING AT MY BUTT?

WELL... YEAH, BUT--

RIGHT ANSWER, MR. RANKIN.

WELL... *THAT* DOESN'T SUCK.

"WE STILL HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND HIS *GAMMA RADIATION* SIGNATURE."

"IT'S *ODD.*"

"NOT NECESSARILY. I'M BEGINNING TO BELIEVE THAT IT'S *LINKED* TO HIS METABOLISM... HIS ADRENALINE.

"HE EMITS A *WEAKER* SIGNAL WHEN HE'S CALM. TIRED. FATIGUED. OR EVEN *ASLEEP.*"

"DON'T WORRY...

"...HE'LL GET GOOD AND ANGRY AGAIN AT *SOMETHING*... IT'S HIS *NATURE*.

"AND WHEN HE DOES, THAT'S WHEN WE'LL *MOVE IN*.

"WE'VE *LUCKED OUT* THAT ALPHA FLIGHT AND THAT OTHER TEAM WILL BE GIVING HIM A WORKOUT *FOR* US."

WHAT'LL WE *DO* WITH THEM?

ALPHA FLIGHT? WE'LL HAVE TO *IMPROVISE*. BUT I'M THINKING WE TAKE SOME OF THEM FOR THE *PROGRAM*... IT'S A GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO TAKE HOLD OF A LARGE GROUP.

I'M EXPECTING *TOTAL CHAOS*, SO IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD.

WE *TAKE* THEM. WE *TURN* THEM.

KILL THE REST.

A NUMBER OF THEM MAY *DIE* TRYING TO CAPTURE THE HULK.

SO MUCH THE *BETTER*, I SUPPOSE...

...BECAUSE AT THE END OF THE DAY...

...IT'LL BE WEAPON X THAT TAKES THE HULK HOME.

AND HE'LL MAKE ONE *HELL* OF AN ASSET WHEN WE'RE DONE WITH HIM.

CONTINUED.